

stairway up to the balcony. He was in recent decades the theater's biggest supporter. He directed much of the recent painstaking restoration of the theater; he was three when it was built, and remembered it in its earliest days. But many weren't aware of the extent of his personal investment in the place.

Baumann was a merchant, by trade. He was, for some decades, the president of Woodruff's Furniture, the Gay Street institution his great-grandfather, William Wallace Woodruff, founded at the end of the Civil War. About 20 years ago, when downtown retail was widely reputed to be deceased, Woodruff's was an extravagant exception, this multi-story emporium with inventory that seemed fresh and up-to-date. The last time I was there—it was the early '90s, we'd just had a second kid and needed a kid-proof dining table—I found a plausibly trendy one at Woodruff's. It was the last time I saw a representative of a bygone profession in my home town: Wallace may have been our last merchant to employ elevator operators.

The place is now the Downtown Grill and Brewery. The last time I talked to Wallace about it, he hadn't been inside to see his great-grandfather's building renovated as a popular restaurant and brewpub. He seemed all right with the fact of it, but didn't feel an urgency to look. The family name is still on the building; Woodruff was Wallace's middle name.

Wallace and I had some sharp disagreements about some downtown issues, but stayed friendly, and he was my handiest resource for certain questions about the past of our shared hometown. A lifelong bachelor, he lived alone in Sequoyah Hills and was usually there to answer his phone. For a guy in my position, it's been handy to have the phone number of a person who remembered going to see John Barrymore get off the train for his show at the Bijou, 70 years ago, and who recalled both of Glenn Miller's shows at the Tennessee as if they were last Tuesday. ("Wallace never said, 'Ah, it was a long time ago, I just don't remember.'") A few months ago, when I heard an implausible story about Ingrid Bergman planting a dogwood tree on Market Square 40 years ago, I was pretty confident Wallace would know something about it, and sure enough he was right there beside her, and had a funny story about it.

He was also an authority on architecture, though I don't think he would have claimed to be perfectly objective on the subject. The Baumann family, German immigrants who arrived in East Tennessee in the mid-19th century, was arguably Knoxville's first architectural dynasty, dominating local commercial and institutional architecture in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Wallace was a Baumann who didn't design buildings, but he was a champion of the Baumanns' architecture. Wallace's father, who died almost half a century ago, was the last of them. (Wallace once corrected me, rather sternly, when in a column I referred to his father as Albert B. Baumann Jr. That was his given name, maybe, but Wallace told me no one ever called him anything but "A.B.")

Baumann was a great supporter of several civic organizations, especially the Knoxville Symphony Orchestra, and he could be counted on to attend each performance with a lady friend. Even if you'd known him for decades, as I did, you might not gather, in conversations with this elegant gentleman in the lobby of the Tennessee, that he was a combat veteran of World War II, a member of Combat Command B of the 10th Armored Division, one of the first to breach the Siegfried Line. He spent much of 1944 in a foxhole near Bastogne with an M1 for company. He hardly spoke of the war. I never even knew he'd been in the service until he was invited to

write an article about his wartime memories, in an especially interesting collection of memoirs of members of First Presbyterian Church, called *We Were There*. It's characteristic that in his description of the Siegfried Line, he mentioned that he'd previously known it only from newsreels at the Tennessee Theatre.

(That book, by the way, is as good a collection of local memories of that war as I've seen. Bill Tate, another contributor to that book, a B-17 navigator who was shot down over Germany, and a survivor of a Nazi prisoner-of-war camp, also died last week.)

Back in 2001, Baumann personally financed the complete restoration of the theater's original Wurlitzer organ; they sent the organ away to one of the world's top organ technicians. Today it's said to be one of fewer than 20 concert-grade organs in America which are installed in their original locations. Wallace was proud of that fact.

The bill came to \$180,000. Wallace was a private man, and during his life didn't want that detail to be known. I hope it's okay to mention it now.

IN COMMEMORATION OF FRANK FAT'S 70TH ANNIVERSARY

HON. DORIS O. MATSUI

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 10, 2009

Ms. MATSUI. Madam Speaker, I rise today to commemorate the late Frank Fat, the 70th anniversary of Frank Fat's Restaurant, the entire Frank Fat's staff, and the Fat Family for their service and dedication to the people of Sacramento. For decades the Fat Family and their restaurants have been a local treasure and I ask my colleagues to join me in saluting them on the 70th anniversary of the restaurant's founding.

After immigrating to the United States, Frank Fat first worked as a waiter and then as a manager at his uncle's Hong King Lum restaurant. While waiting tables, a customer asked Frank to go to the downstairs gambling hall to place a 50-cent bet on a Keno game. The ticket produced \$900 in winnings, but the unknowing customer had left the restaurant. Frank held the cash for two months until the customer returned. As a reward for his honesty, the customer later gave Frank a loan, which he used to buy a rundown speakeasy to turn into a restaurant of his own.

Frank Fat's restaurant opened on August 31, 1939, at 806 L Street in Sacramento, where it still stands today. At the time, dinners were just 50 cents and lunches 25 cents. When asked about his recipe for the enduring success of his namesake restaurant, Frank remarked, "You give people good food, a nice place to eat it and make them happy. Pretty simple, really." Frank's simple combination for success has endured for 70 years. Frank represented everything good in a human being. He was decent, honest, hardworking and humble.

Located only blocks from the State Capitol, Frank Fat's soon became the gathering place for every lawmaker and governor since Earl Warren. It is said more legislative decisions were made at Frank Fat's than in any office at the Capitol. Among them was the famous "napkin deal" that produced landmark tort reform that is still in effect today.

After Frank's passing in 1992, Lina and Tom Fat, Frank's daughter-in-law and son, modern-

ized the cuisine with a unique California-Pacific style and expanded the business to bring Chinese cuisine in the tradition of Frank Fat's to people across California. Today, Frank is remembered for the success of Frank Fat's and an expanded chain of more than a dozen restaurants across California, including locations in Old Sacramento, Folsom, Roseville, Cache Creek and San Diego. After 70 years of service, the Fat Family continues Frank's commitment to good food, good atmosphere and good service.

Dedicated to community service, the Fat Family has continued Frank's philosophy of giving back to the community by supporting the Chinese American Council of Sacramento and the Pacific Rim Festival, which is held annually in Old Sacramento. In honor of the 70th anniversary, the Fat Family, community leaders, and restaurant patrons will raise money for Sacramento Crisis Nurseries.

Madam Speaker, I hereby commemorate and honor the late Frank Fat, the restaurant that bears his name, its staff, and the Fat Family for their dedication in serving fine cuisine to the people of Sacramento for more than 70 years. I ask all my colleagues to join me in wishing the Fat Family and Frank Fat's restaurant another 70 years of unparalleled success.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. JOHN M. McHUGH

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 9, 2009

Mr. McHUGH. Madam Speaker, I was unavoidably detained and missed rollcall No. 693. At this time, I wish to note that had I been present, I would have voted "yea."

AMERICA SALUTES THE MEMORY OF MARGARET BUSH WILSON: CIVIL RIGHTS ICON, CHAMPION OF EQUAL JUSTICE FOR ALL

HON. WM. LACY CLAY

OF MISSOURI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 10, 2009

Mr. CLAY. Madam Speaker, I stand today to salute the memory of Margaret Bush Wilson, a civil rights pioneer. Ms. Wilson was 90 years old when she died quietly on August 11, 2009. She was an integral force in human rights advocacy, having been a tireless champion for equality and justice. The St. Louis community and our entire nation have lost a giant, and I have lost a dear friend.

After earning a law degree from Lincoln University, Ms. Wilson became the second woman of color licensed to practice law in the state of Missouri. Ms. Wilson would go on to serve as Missouri's Assistant Attorney General and the U.S. Attorney for the Rural Electrification Administration. After World War II, she and her husband, Robert E. Wilson Jr., started a law firm in St. Louis.

A civil rights lawyer who specialized in housing law, Ms. Wilson led the fight in St. Louis to upend restrictive neighborhood covenants in what eventually became the landmark 1948 U.S. Supreme Court ruling *Shelley*